

Contributions to this column are requested from Confederate veterans and other persons familiar with the history of the War Between the States. Narratives of particular interest and personal adventures are especially requested. All contributions should be sent to the Editor of the Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

A CONFEDERATE CADET'S MEMORIES OF THE STRIFE

Sherman's Army at Camden—A Brush With Kilpatrick's Cavalry and an Exciting Chase. Fugitives' Adventures—Crossing a River in Freshet.

BY THE REV. JOHN KERSHAW.

It was now drawing on towards the close of January, 1865. Father had written requesting my discharge from the cadets on the ground that if I was to be in active service anyway I preferred to be with or near him in Virginia. I got my discharge and went home, where I was to remain until the expected spring campaign should open in Virginia. Sherman, meantime, had begun his celebrated march from Savannah, and along the middle of February Charleston was evacuated and the troops from all along the South Carolina coast took up their march to Cheraw. Sherman reached the vicinity of Columbia about the same time. The enrolling officer at Camden organized a scouting party, consisting of men at home on furlough, with the object in view of notifying the people of Camden of the approach of Sherman. I joined this little party, having secured a horse, and for several days we scouted between Columbia and Camden, until Columbia was burned and the army made a detour northward, crossing the Wateree River near Liberty Hill and coming southeasterly from that point to Camden. On the day he entered Camden two of us had been sent across the river to scout there, while the others remained northward. My friend and I went to his plantation, ate a good dinner and about 3 o'clock set out for Camden, having seen no signs of the enemy. On a hill near the river bridge, where a picket had been stationed as we passed that morning, we noticed a canteen hung on a fence post, and supposing it was a trap, we went to it, took it in charge, intending to restore it to the owner. When we got the bridge-keeper's house it was empty. The Home Guards had left. We thought this was suspicious, and pressed on across the river post, until we were on the side nearest the town. Here we met a caravan of wagons and buggies going post-haste towards Columbia and as they passed a man sang out: "You had better hurry up, Camden is full of Kilpatrick's cavalry." We put our heads up and galloped into town, passing up its main street. About half way up we drew rein, having noticed a big blue column of cavalry coming down from the hill near the Lafayette Hall (so called because the Marquis de Lafayette had been entertained there when he came to Camden in 1781) and the corner-stone of the monument erected to Baron De Kalb, who was killed at the battle of Hobkirk Hill during the Revolution. Between them and us we saw two men dash hurriedly out of an alleyway and ride rapidly down the street. At first we did not notice them, but as they drew nearer we saw that they belonged to the party of scouts that had ridden northward that morning to spy out the land. It seems that after going some distance they had run into a crowd of the "bummers" that had followed Sherman's army and had captured several of them. These two men of whom I am speaking were detailed to take these prisoners to town and put them in a place of safekeeping. This they had done, and were riding back to rejoin their party, when one proposed to the other that they should take a certain saloon and get something to drink. They rode to the side door, the front being closed; dismounted, entered, ordered drinks, and were in the act of "smiling" at one another when a colored man, whose trade was that of tailor, had just returned from the State legislature, in shouting: "Run, Marse Tom! Run, Marse William! The Yankees is comin'!" They emptied their glasses, and vaulting into their saddles, rode from the alley into the street, saw the boys in blue coming over the hill, as we had, and came flying down the street in our direction.

Some of the cavalry unsling their carbines and opened fire, the bullets whistling around our heads and cutting up the dust in the street. One of our friends was riding an immense bay horse and followed by a colored man, the other rode a colored mare that was broken winded. He was soon distanced, but we could hear him saying in beseeching tones: "Tom, don't leave me," and the response of the other, looking over his shoulder: "Come on, William; no time to swap horses now." The boys in blue came up and rode down the street with them, getting faster and faster as we went. On reaching the next corner we were much surprised to see a squadron of cavalry coming towards us from both directions, while the fellows from the street were behind us. As we supposed, this hastened our movements, and soon, with a whoop and a yell, the blue coats dashed around the corner, and then began as pretty a race as one would care to see. Being light of weight and my mare a fine one, I was soon very near leading the retreat, which continued unabated until we had crossed a bridge over a large and deep stream and reached a causeway, with swamp on either side, when our pursuers let us up.

As we thus left the town I noticed two incidents—the capture of one of our friends from the post at the river bridge, who, pursued by a cavalryman, made ineffectual effort to get away. It did not seem to occur to him to use the gun he carried on his shoulder, but he ran in a sort of aimless way until the cavalryman hit him with the flat of his sabre and killed him. This was the last I saw of that

had taken another road, he believed they were yet to pass that point, but that he had no sort of objection to a religious service in any event. The elder, glared and shook his finger at him, to which he only replied: "Well, I'm afraid you are a little too previous, that's all."

The elder got out his Bible and hymn book and proceeded to find appropriate selections from each for the occasion. He had just done this to his satisfaction when he began to line out the hymn when they heard the thud of hoofs coming rapidly in their direction. In a minute or so the darky who had been sent for the food appeared, coming as fast as his mule could, his hands full of apples and sockets, the mule in a lather. As he came within earshot he shouted to them to run, that the whole Yankee army was behind him! Down went the Bible and hymn book, and the late religious assembly speedily dissolved into a group of fugitives. The victor being the old soldier, whose sinister remarks had been so severely rebuked. He laid hold upon the frightened negro, rapped him over the head with his cut-throat and ordered him to hitch his horse to the buggy and help him into it. This the negro did, and took to the adjacent swamp, while the veteran drove himself up to the friend's house who had been keeping them "posted." The yard was full of Sherman's soldiers, who helped him out of the buggy and into the house, but took his horse. Here he remained for several days, during which the mighty host marched by, leaving a rear guard to bring up stragglers.

These were still at the house when looking down the road, they espied a soldier in blue riding a white horse. Another man in tow, evidently a prisoner. He had on his head an ancient beaver with the crown smashed in, on his body an army overcoat with half of one of the tails burned off, and his trousers torn, but his boots and four sizes too large for him. A stubby beard of a week's growth adorned his face, and altogether he was one of the most villainous looking creatures imaginable. Our old soldier had great difficulty in recognizing in this object the respected elder who proposed a prayer-meeting on that day. He bath morning, but he finally made him out. The extraordinary costume and the terribly dejected expression of his face were too much for the veteran's visibilities. The old gentleman was finally released and allowed to return home.

The Camden people sent many of their belongings away when the raiders were coming, but unfortunately they were carried in the same direction. Many valuable were lost. My very slender wardrobe shared the general fate, and when I got back after the raid I was compelled to go to bed and stay there while my clothing went to be washed. I recall the fact that from the date of the raid the spring vegetables began to come in. The principal means of subsistence were cowpeas and pumpkins, cooked without salt or bacon, varied by sweet potatoes and corn bread, also saltless. Thus the weeks wore on until near the end of March, when I received a letter from my command asking me to come to him at Richmond.

A day or two after Sherman had evacuated the town, my friend who was with me the day his army entered it found it necessary to visit his plantation, and asked me to go with him. We went to a ferry about seven miles from the town, but the ferry-boat had disappeared. We whooped until a negro appeared on the other side and informed us that he had a very leaky batteau, in which we might get across if we kept bailing out while he paddled. We offered him \$5 for the boat and my friend watched the craft over, to which he consented. By the time he had crossed the boat was half filled with water that had leaked in, and we found on examination that it was constructed of green planks, with visible cracks between, through which the water poured. As I could swim, and my friend could not, I agreed that I should go first. I unsaddled my mare and led her into the water, taking a seat near the bow and holding the reins close to the bit, so as to let her swim alongside. The river was in flood and the current very rapid. After she had swum a short distance we pushed off, the negro paddling and my friend watching. A rather risky voyage. We got along very well except that we drifted down stream considerably until we reached a point within forty yards of the farther shore. I noticed that my end of the boat was getting too high out of the water, and my friend was evidently centered on the swimming machine was effort to keep her away from the boat. As we swept into an eddy I heard an exclamation from the negro and, looking around, saw his end of the boat slowly sinking, while my end stuck up more unpleasantly than ever. I saw the boat was preparing to slide over from under us, and I turned the mare loose, with her head towards the shore. I said: "Old man, can you swim?"

He said: "No, massa, I can't swim a lick."

I said: "Look out for yourself, Cateen had of the boat as I got out, and don't let go. You can't drown as long as you hold to the boat, and the current will sweep you ashore further down."

There was no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree to tree until I reached the bank, and the reins jerked her until she had to come over. He came across safely with my saddle, leaving his own horse on the town side, and we rode double the rest of the way. When we were returning we went to another ferry lower down, and I rode on the flat and near by horse. There were two or four mules on board also. When we shoved off from the shore and got well into the stream some of the mules began to back, and soon there was an epidemic of backing, with the result that every single mule backed overboard. If I had not been so close to the shore, I would have been drowned. The four mules trodden down or else have gone again into the river. Men on the shore whistled for the mules, and they all swam out without injury. This flood, or freshet, as it was called in that section, was a noted one, or as we were told, said he was not at all sure that the danger was really over, but that the main body of the army

that were sent home after the clothes for the regiment. I reckon they will be along about the 5th of December. We are six miles from Carter's Station, on the Atlanta Railroad. The news is generally believed that Bragg has fallen back to Chickamauga Creek. You can still direct your letters at heretofore, and they will go to the command instead of directing to Figg's Brigade, direct to Reynolds's Brigade, Buckner's division. I will be with the command in one week from this if nothing happens. I will just close up this letter and mail it, but will write again in a few days. I will write to Colonel Trigg tomorrow to let him know where his horses are, and that I have found and secured them. What a dear deed, what sacrifice! So no more, but remain yours affectionately in the Christian's hope.

H. B. SHAWALTER.

Rawley W. Martin. (Inscribed to him on his seventy-fifth birthday, celebrated at Chatham, September 20, 1910.)

Martin—great and dauntless soul; Pride of the true and brave. Thy name will shine on honor's roll And glid thine honored grave.

Armistead, Martin, see them wave Their hats on sword's point, rushing on Toward the heights, nor backward gave Until the awful cry was won.

"Won't" did you say? Aye, won and lost Ere this high day was done. With won and lost, and a fearful cost, To have it there were none.

Like Ney, "the bravest of the brave," He led the wall of comrades late. Henceforth to limp to hero's grave From wounds received that bloody day.

A grander height is thine to-day Than one you bravely sought to A fame as great as that of Ney. With all that's bravest, brightest, best.

Seen through the mist of vanished years, Emotions deep and strong, Come now, I write in tears That faint would blur my song.

That courage such as theirs should fall; That valor such should lose, That wrong or right should there be none, Fate Victory refuse!

To sons and daughters of such sires, Be not dismayed, misled; But keep alive the hallowed fires, And honor your heroic dead!

And, Comrade Martin, rest secure, Thy memory will not fade away, But in our hearts will live enduring, As long as honor's sense shall stay.

A Colored Confederate Veteran. A unique figure at the recent Confederate reunion at Fredericksburg was George Washington Cole, colored, of King George, a Confederate veteran who had fought and fought the entire four years.

"Uncle George, who is 80 years old, says he saw service in Virginia, Alabama and Arkansas, and has letters from the colonel of his regiment bearing out his statement.

Wallace family was loyal to the South at the outbreak of the war and has since been loyal and faithful. He was given a seat within the enclosure and got all the dinner he could possibly handle.

Unkind indeed. Gloucester was a part of York county until 1851, and until 1854 it included all of King and Queen counties between the Potomac and Mattaponi Rivers and also all of Mathews county until 1791. This is indicated by the fact that the grant books at Richmond, in King George, in Mathews county, was known as North River Parish, and is so recorded as late as 1850. Besides this parish there were also Ware, Abington and Patawiscus in the present Gloucester, and Stratton Major, now in King and Queen. The most prominent settlers along the rivers and their branches were the vestrymen of these parishes.

In 1639 Colonel Hugh Gwyn and Mr. George Ludlow, of the Council represented that part of Charles River (or York county, which later became Gloucester). They were followed in the office by Francis Morgan, Augustine Warner and Henry Whitling.

In 1642 the Kickapoo (Chesapeake) Indians were removed from York county to their reservation on the Potomac River. Opechancanough, whose promises were brittle as pie crust, planned the awful massacre of 1644, and many settlers in Gloucester fled to York Fort. Those who did not go of their own free will and accord were forced out by the military. Among these families were the Ludlows, who held a large tract of land over in York county called "Ludlow's Land." He came of a prominent family in Wiltshire, and was baptized at Dinton 15th September, 1594. He left no children and Thomas was his heir. And he had three children—George, Mary and Elizabeth. Nathaniel George was married to a daughter of the Rev. John Wiles, and the widow Mary married Rev. Peter Temple and went back to England. So nothing is left of the Ludlows or their possessions, except the fact that Mary, the widow, was brave and reluctant to leave her belongings in Gloucester while she sought greater security in York.

However, these early settlers in Gloucester were not allowed to return until the treaty of peace had been signed with the Indians in 1646. Although a treaty of peace had been signed with the Indians in 1646, compliance of the commissioners of Gloucester county and also Lancaster with the act passed the previous session requiring them to assign their lands to the Indians. These Chesapeake Indians had remained friendly throughout the difficulty, and the early settlers, who rapidly bought them up; but that part of Gloucester remains the Chesapeake locality to this day.

"Charles River Parish" is mentioned as late as 1663, in which year occurred the Birkenhead insurrection of the English servants, or Cromwell's men, who had been sold into servitude, a fearful political measure then in vogue in the mother country. Birkenhead's master and friend was Captain John Smith, of Purton, and to him he revealed the do not conspiracy on Mr. Newcomb's land on Gloucester Creek. Thus the inhabitants escaped, and Birkenhead was given his freedom and rewarded by the Assembly. This dramatic event furnished the beautiful plot of Miss Mary Johnston's "Fountain of Hope," and connects this brilliant author with old Gloucester county.

When the time was ripe for Nathaniel Bacon's brave venture (our first Southern rebellion), the hostile Indians again became turbulent, and there was a massacre at Carter's Creek, in Gloucester, in 1676, when a number of poor people took refuge in the fort, which Bacon said was the chief fort in Virginia. (See Campbell and Henning.)

In September, 1687, forts were ordered to be built at James City, Nansemond, York, and Gloucester. (Afterwards Gloucester town and now Gloucester Point, the steamboat landing), Corrothers, and Yeohocomico, and the commissioners for Gloucester met at John Fleet's house, near Tyndall's Point. The forts were ordered "to be ten feet high and ten feet thick, eight great guns, and a magazine and its complement of soldiers."

In 1679 there was a difference between John Mathews, plaintiff, and Colonel John Page, defendant (amicably settled), as to work done at Fort James, at Tyndall's Point. The brick for the fort was made up of Gloucester, Baldry's land, The Chesapeake Indians, being friendly, were allowed to carry arms in 1689, "provided their sixteen bowmen would bring in three wolves heads annually."

In 1677 the following Act of Assembly was passed: "Whereas the State House being now burnt down, the arch-rebel and traitor, Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., also the houses in James City, and forasmuch as Tyndall's Point is accounted to be the most convenient place for the accommodation of the country in general to meet at, that the said Tyndall's Point for the time being, be built at Tyndall's Point." (Henning's Statutes, Vol. II., 405.)

In an act for towns and storehouses (1689) "fifty acres were to be purchased for this State House at Gloucester Point (formerly Tyndall's Point) of John Williams on Tyndall's Creek side, with tobacco warehouses, and Gloucester Point came about as near being the capital of Virginia as Port Royal came to being the national capital. And with all due respect to Williamsburg, it seems that this situation had many advantages which Middle Plantation did not possess."

In 1680 Gloucester was engaged in the ever interesting "plant cutting" insurrection, in which Major Robert Beverley was so seriously involved. A fort was built at Gloucester Point in 1691, "part on the land of Major Lewis Smith and part on the land of Mr. Rebecca Royde." This beautiful tongue of land girl with marsh and water was the most important spot in the county, which was now rapidly filling up with settlers from York county and from the mother country.

We append a list of these earliest settlers of Gloucester. The list is not perfect. These facts were gleaned by Mrs. William Carter Stubbs and represent years of patient and most intelligent study of the fragmentary records found here, there and everywhere.

We will first give the land grants on Plankank River, over which we have just crossed on our way from Middlesex, and probably retrace our chronicles in order to give genealogical notice of these earliest settlers if possible.

Augustine Warner must take the palm for the first land grant in Gloucester in 1635. Most probably John Robins was with him, but this we cannot prove. John Robins certainly took up land in Robinson's Neck in 1642. So act in Haning for docking estate. In 1652 Captain Augustine Warner took up 2,500 acres about the old Chesapeake town, on the south side of Plankank, beginning at a marked line of the Indian land. Due to transportation of all persons October 30, 1652. Four of the rights were due to Thomas Chandler by certificate of York court September, 1640, and due to Warner a. administrator of Chandler. Among the head rights are Sands Knowles, afterwards of Gloucester; John Smith, Henry Thacker and Mary Warner.

In 1653 Augustine Warner took "eighty acres on south side of a run falling into the head of Severn, in Mobjack Bay, adjoining a former divided of Colonel Warner, and a former of Colonel Warner and John Robins took up 594 acres on the south side of Severn adjoining lands of said Robins and Warner, beginning at a creek called Lotus—his creek." These lands were in Robins's Neck. Warner was on one side of the well-known Robins's Neck Road and Robins on the other.

Besides Warner's grant on "Plankank" there were the following patents: 1652, Christopher Boyd, 2,000 acres. Dr. James Boyd (probably a son) was a physician in Gloucester in 1721. 1655, Colonel Hugh Gwyn, 2,000 acres on Hockaday Creek, Plankank River. 1682, Colonel George Ludlow, of the Council 1642, Justice 1648, 1,000 acres "at ye mouth of Gwyn's Creek." As we have noted above, the wife of the man who married Peter Temple, of Temple Farm.

1654, Colonel Humphrey Higginson and Thomas, his son, 300 acres at a small creek between them and Colonel Hugh Gwyn. William Bernard and Lucy Higginson, his wife, sold to George Robert Higginson's patent. She was the widow of Lewis Burwell. There was a Robert Higginson on the committee of safety for James City county in 1774.

1658, John Woodward, 800 acres on northeast corner of Plankank, at a great marsh joining Abraham Moore, William Woodward, of Ware River, in Gloucester, married 1684, Bridget Williams in Middlesex.

1656, Colonel Richard Lee, Justice in 1648, five acres toward his store standeth. Think of the ancestor of Richard Henry and Robert E. Lee having a cross-road store in old Gloucester upon a patch of five acres! He had an eye to business, and no doubt a "general merchandise" very profitable.

1658, William and Hancock Lee (sons of above), 550 acres on a branch of Plankank Swamp, later deserted by them and granted to Thomas Brereton in 1667.

1660, John Metcalf, 500 acres (freed in name of Major Cant in 1644), and 510 acres bought of Edward Wiatt in 1644, joining William Armistead's land. His widow, Jane Metcalf, sold his lands on the Plankank to John Armistead in Gloucester in 1755.

1667, John Chapman, 500 acres back of William Armistead, in Kingsport Parish. 1669, Cuthbert Potter, 5,380 acres on the great swamp which divides Gloucester and Lancaster in 1662. Thomas Roydon, on Chesapeake

branch next to Colonel Warner, and later 1700 acres more, and in 1693 Thomas Roydon 1,616 acres joining land of Colonel Augustine Warner, deceased; William Colver, John Washington, Conquest and Richard Wiatt. Roydon was assessed for 200 and 424 acres in 1732.

1662, Edward Wiatt, 1,330 acres along the river to Wading Creek's mouth, in Kingsport Parish, 510 acres of which he transferred to Gilbert Metcalf, above, in 1684. He was father of Conquest Wiatt, ancestor of the Wiatt family of Gloucester, who descend from Rev. Hawte Wiatt, brother of the Governor, Sir Francis Wiatt.

1685, John David Cant, son-in-law of Augustine Warner, lands near the head of Plankank, and his sons, David and Walter Cant, 1,900 acres near Dragon Swamp. He was Burgess 1689 for Gloucester, with Peter Knight John Cant was Burgess for Middlesex 1690.

1661, George Billups, 250 acres head of Wading Creek, near Forrester's land, and in 1674, 500 acres head of Wading Creek. In 1682 Captain John Billups was assessed for 725 acres. Thomas Billups for 375 acres, Robert Billups, 225 acres, Humphrey Billups, 100 acres, Joseph, 174 acres, and George, 40 acres.

1665, William Clara, 200 acres joining Major David Cant. 1664, Charles Roane, the immigrant, and member of the vestry of Potomac, 200 acres, joining the Colonel Roane's land, and 100 on branches of Plankank joining Colonel Warner. In 1689, 761 acres south-west side of Dragon Swamp. In 1732 Alexander Roane assessed for 40 acres. He had sons, Charles, Alexander, Thomas and William.

1667, Colonel Richard Dudley, vestryman of Kingsport and Sheriff, 1557, 300 acres at Gwyn's Ridge. In 1673 Thomas Dudley was assessed for 245 acres, George Alexander Dudley for 99 acres, George Dudley for 1,000 acres, in Gloucester. Col. Richard Dudley, besides this land on Plankank had in 1655, 944 acres on Poropotank, 455 acres on East River, and 630 acres on North River in 1659.

1663, John Buckner (Burgess 1683), 1,000 acres in Chesapeake Branch. He had earlier patents on the Poropotank, on which he lived. 1669, Thomas Buckner and Thomas Branches. (In 1782 John Buckner assessed for 550 acres, Thomas Buckner 200 acres, John Buckner, 345, and Robert Buckner, 400 acres.)

1672, Major Richard Bagley (died 1711), 1,875 acres at ye mouth of Hockaday's Creek, and running towards North River Mill Run, joining Robert Bagley's land, 245 on Poropotank. William Elliott to Thomas Grant. He was of the Pettsworth Parish vestry, and his daughter, Dionysius Bagley, married William, son of John Carter, who was also brother of Mrs. John Smith, of current.

1671, Conquest Wiatt land on Hockaday's Creek, near his old patent. (In 1732 Sarah Wiatt was assessed for 740 acres; John Wiatt, 360; William Wiatt, 1,018; Richard Wiatt, 50 acres.) Conquest Wiatt was son of Edward (father) and ancestor of the Gloucester family.

1672, Captain Robert Beverley, 500 acres on Hockaday's Branches, joining Robert Elliott, youngest son of Colonel Anthony Elliott, deceased; increased in 1673 to 1,500 acres on Plankank, and 245 on Poropotank, and in 1675 Captain Beverley, 603 acres joining William Elliott, Jr., and his brother, Thomas Elliott, and also Mark Workman.

1672, George Harper, 133 acres between the head of the Chesapeake Indians' lands and the land of Conquest Wiatt. (In 1732 James Harper assessed for 400 acres.) 1673, Lambert Moore and Bartholomew Ramsey, 350 acres between David Cant and Thomas Hawkins (Captain Thomas Ramsey was Burgess for Gloucester and vestryman of Pettsworth, 1677, and civil officer in 1680).

These are just half of the grants on Plankank. We think they will be better assimilated in broken doses. In 1652 John Robins was with him, but this we cannot prove. John Robins certainly took up land in Robinson's Neck in 1642. So act in Haning for docking estate. In 1652 Captain Augustine Warner took up 2,500 acres about the old Chesapeake town, on the south side of Plankank, beginning at a marked line of the Indian land. Due to transportation of all persons October 30, 1652. Four of the rights were due to Thomas Chandler by certificate of York court September, 1640, and due to Warner a. administrator of Chandler. Among the head rights are Sands Knowles, afterwards of Gloucester; John Smith, Henry Thacker and Mary Warner.

In 1653 Augustine Warner took "eighty acres on south side of a run falling into the head of Severn, in Mobjack Bay, adjoining a former divided of Colonel Warner, and a former of Colonel Warner and John Robins took up 594 acres on the south side of Severn adjoining lands of said Robins and Warner, beginning at a creek called Lotus—his creek." These lands were in Robins's Neck. Warner was on one side of the well-known Robins's Neck Road and Robins on the other.

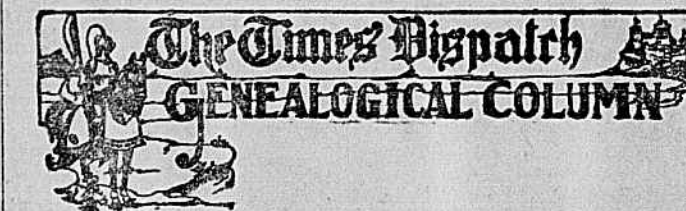
Besides Warner's grant on "Plankank" there were the following patents: 1652, Christopher Boyd, 2,000 acres. Dr. James Boyd (probably a son) was a physician in Gloucester in 1721. 1655, Colonel Hugh Gwyn, 2,000 acres on Hockaday Creek, Plankank River. 1682, Colonel George Ludlow, of the Council 1642, Justice 1648, 1,000 acres "at ye mouth of Gwyn's Creek." As we have noted above, the wife of the man who married Peter Temple, of Temple Farm.

1654, Colonel Humphrey Higginson and Thomas, his son, 300 acres at a small creek between them and Colonel Hugh Gwyn. William Bernard and Lucy Higginson, his wife, sold to George Robert Higginson's patent. She was the widow of Lewis Burwell. There was a Robert Higginson on the committee of safety for James City county in 1774.

1658, John Woodward, 800 acres on northeast corner of Plankank, at a great marsh joining Abraham Moore, William Woodward, of Ware River, in Gloucester, married 1684, Bridget Williams in Middlesex.

1656, Colonel Richard Lee, Justice in 1648, five acres toward his store standeth. Think of the ancestor of Richard Henry and Robert E. Lee having a cross-road store in old Gloucester upon a patch of five acres! He had an eye to business, and no doubt a "general merchandise" very profitable.

1658, William and Hancock Lee (sons of above), 550 acres on a branch of Plankank Swamp, later deserted by them and granted to Thomas Brereton in 1667.



It is with much reluctance that we leave the Rappahannock country. It was a revolution to us—this tortuous stream coming around stately homes, where proud planters once dwelt, and washing the marshy reaches where the horse and carriage were wont to multiply. The time has come for us to say good-by to Essex and Middlesex and to explore another washed county within whose borders "folks" have dwelt, and where history also springs from the venerable old bones of Birkenhead with regret, drive over to Barn Elms, go down to Plankank, take a row boat and cross over into old Gloucester. Gloucester people are especially our own, and to them all without exception to the roadside farmer who wears a rumpled corn-brow and jolly fisherman who conch shell trumpet heralds fish along the highway; to the judge upon his bench and the parson in his pulpit; to Gloucester's sons and daughters scattered far and near—these Gloucester papers are tenderly dedicated.

There are no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree to tree until I reached the bank, and the reins jerked her until she had to come over. He came across safely with my saddle, leaving his own horse on the town side, and we rode double the rest of the way. When we were returning we went to another ferry lower down, and I rode on the flat and near by horse. There were two or four mules on board also. When we shoved off from the shore and got well into the stream some of the mules began to back, and soon there was an epidemic of backing, with the result that every single mule backed overboard. If I had not been so close to the shore, I would have been drowned. The four mules trodden down or else have gone again into the river. Men on the shore whistled for the mules, and they all swam out without injury. This flood, or freshet, as it was called in that section, was a noted one, or as we were told, said he was not at all sure that the danger was really over, but that the main body of the army

There was no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree to tree until I reached the bank, and the reins jerked her until she had to come over. He came across safely with my saddle, leaving his own horse on the town side, and we rode double the rest of the way. When we were returning we went to another ferry lower down, and I rode on the flat and near by horse. There were two or four mules on board also. When we shoved off from the shore and got well into the stream some of the mules began to back, and soon there was an epidemic of backing, with the result that every single mule backed overboard. If I had not been so close to the shore, I would have been drowned. The four mules trodden down or else have gone again into the river. Men on the shore whistled for the mules, and they all swam out without injury. This flood, or freshet, as it was called in that section, was a noted one, or as we were told, said he was not at all sure that the danger was really over, but that the main body of the army

There was no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree to tree until I reached the bank, and the reins jerked her until she had to come over. He came across safely with my saddle, leaving his own horse on the town side, and we rode double the rest of the way. When we were returning we went to another ferry lower down, and I rode on the flat and near by horse. There were two or four mules on board also. When we shoved off from the shore and got well into the stream some of the mules began to back, and soon there was an epidemic of backing, with the result that every single mule backed overboard. If I had not been so close to the shore, I would have been drowned. The four mules trodden down or else have gone again into the river. Men on the shore whistled for the mules, and they all swam out without injury. This flood, or freshet, as it was called in that section, was a noted one, or as we were told, said he was not at all sure that the danger was really over, but that the main body of the army

There was no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree to tree until I reached the bank, and the reins jerked her until she had to come over. He came across safely with my saddle, leaving his own horse on the town side, and we rode double the rest of the way. When we were returning we went to another ferry lower down, and I rode on the flat and near by horse. There were two or four mules on board also. When we shoved off from the shore and got well into the stream some of the mules began to back, and soon there was an epidemic of backing, with the result that every single mule backed overboard. If I had not been so close to the shore, I would have been drowned. The four mules trodden down or else have gone again into the river. Men on the shore whistled for the mules, and they all swam out without injury. This flood, or freshet, as it was called in that section, was a noted one, or as we were told, said he was not at all sure that the danger was really over, but that the main body of the army

There was no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree to tree until I reached the bank, and the reins jerked her until she had to come over. He came across safely with my saddle, leaving his own horse on the town side, and we rode double the rest of the way. When we were returning we went to another ferry lower down, and I rode on the flat and near by horse. There were two or four mules on board also. When we shoved off from the shore and got well into the stream some of the mules began to back, and soon there was an epidemic of backing, with the result that every single mule backed overboard. If I had not been so close to the shore, I would have been drowned. The four mules trodden down or else have gone again into the river. Men on the shore whistled for the mules, and they all swam out without injury. This flood, or freshet, as it was called in that section, was a noted one, or as we were told, said he was not at all sure that the danger was really over, but that the main body of the army

There was no time for more. I leaped into the water with all my clothing on, my pistol and my boots, and struck out for the nearest tree. When I got to the bank I looked up and saw the boat had become of the negro. The boat had turned completely over, and he was clinging to the bottom. The current swept him against a willow that grew out horizontally from the bank and overhanging the water, and he contrived to work his way slowly to the bank. My attention to getting out of the bitterly cold water. I saw the mare just ahead of me. She had swum between two trees, or two trunks of one tree, V-shaped, and there she stuck. I worked my way from tree